

JEREMY JINKS whistled blithely to himself above the steady thrum of the big new car as it pulled easily up the steep grade of the mountain pass. Winding ahead of him, like a long, fire-breathing dragon, flashed the lights of the eleven automobiles that composed Sanford Company's shipment of new models that were in transit cross-country. Jeremy bent his gaze on the long link of lights that seemed to tie him to a bond of human beings in the wild, desolate countryside they were passing through, and he resolutely kept his thoughts from straying to the tales of bandit hold-ups, night attacks, and similar happenings that the drivers had related about Robbers' Roost Pass.

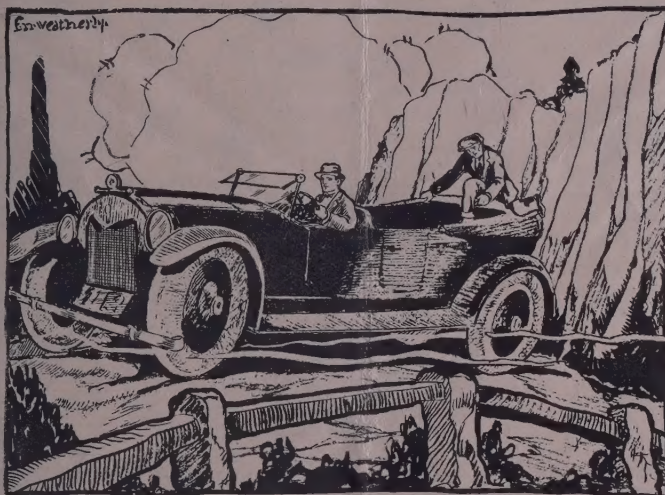
He was only a little past fourteen, was Jeremy Jinks, and a small, wiry lad with steady blue eyes and a determined chin that had enabled him to pass his driver's test and receive a chauffeur's license, so that he could drive his way through to his Uncle Ames' western ranch where he wanted to spend his summer vacation. Sanford Company had been a little doubtful concerning his ability to stand the grilling test-of driving a powerful new car at a stipulated rate of speed through difficult and dangerous territory, but the lad had demonstrated that he was an excellent driver, and had showed such coolness and quickness in the Sanford Company's chauffeurs' "try-out," that he had been selected as one of the dozen drivers to take the new cars cross-country to their western destination.

The caravan of cars took up their line of march, every evening at six o'clock in order to avoid traffic on the road, and so that the new engines would not be over-strained in the heat of the day. It was now eleven o'clock at night and Jeremy relaxed somewhat his grim tensility over the wheel and drank in the silent sweetness of the night. The wind felt good against his cheek, and the stars winked down from the sky like bright goblin faces. The huge crags loomed on each side like giant silver silhouettes, and the hum of the motor sang to him a rhythmic lullaby. Jeremy drowsed over the wheel and it seemed to him but a

What Part Valour

The Story of Jeremy Jinks, a Transit Car, and the Better Part of Valour that Saved His Comrades' Lives

BY ALICE STEVENS



scarce moment before he was awakened by a sharp, sudden report.

"Must have been asleep," he muttered. "Sounded like a puncture."

He gazed ahead for the tail light of the car in front of him, and caught only a brief, comet-like glimpse of it as it rounded a curve and disappeared with lightning speed.

"What's possessing Bill?" he wondered to himself as he stopped the car. "He knows the engines can't stand more than twenty-five per. It's a nice time for him to step on the gas when I'm laid up with a puncture, and no help for miles around!"

Then his heart missed a beat as he felt a hand grip him firmly from the back. It seemed a very long space of time that he sat immobile under the steel pressure of that hand. The train of cars were out of sight and no S. O. S. of his horn would reach them. He was not armed—and with that puncture—a line from the wise, foolish Falstaff in Henry IV, that Uncle Ames used to quote to him, rose up in his mind. "The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life."

Jeremy turned slowly and fearlessly in his seat to see quite the most desperate-faced individual he had ever encountered. The man was unkempt and shabbily dressed, and the moonlight gleamed

along the barrel of his revolver.

"Quick!" he ordered Jeremy as he swung into the seat beside him. "You have to catch up with the other cars!"

"Discretion means to follow the way that revolver points," thought Jimmy. Then he remembered the puncture.

"I can't," he grinned good-naturedly at the man. "I just had a puncture."

"No you haven't," contradicted the man. "You were my last chance with the cars, and I had to keep out of sight and fire my revolver to make you think it was a puncture! The other cars wouldn't stop . . . don't blame 'em, I wouldn't myself at this time of night, in a place like this! I'm slow and I've never fallen in with the gang's doin's . . . Old Puff and Blow they call me. Ranchin' is a whole heap different from swipin' cattle

let me tell you, and swipin' cattle is a whole heap different from swipin' a herd of autos. So old Puff and Blow decides to break loose and warn you off, before you get to the foot of the pass. The gang has put up a barricade there . . . but if you'll step on it, Sonny, there's a cow-path I know that'll help you out!"

Jeremy thought quickly. Old Puff and Blow must be telling the truth because his actions had all been friendly up to this point. If he had wanted the car, a shot into the tire would have accomplished his purpose better. Accordingly, Jeremy threw in his clutch and stepped on the accelerator and the car shot forward.

"What would they do with the cars when they got them?" shouted Jeremy against the wind.

"They can drive cars, Sonny, as well as buckin' bronchos—and in a week's time they'd have 'em rigged over so you wouldn't know 'em, and over the border and traded in! It's a lucky day for you that Old Puff and Blow heard the news of the cars on their way, and the gang's plan to hold 'em up. You drivin' fellers' lives wouldn't be worth a pinch of snuff!"

"How far are we from the foot of the path?" asked Jeremy, as he drove the speedometer's hands up a notch.

"Two miles," Puff and Blow shouted

back. "and the cow-path is just a mile and a half on!"

The car veered sharply around a corner in the mountain road, and the tail light of the eleventh car came in view. On flew Jeremy in swift pursuit and stopped at a wide part in the road beside the car, with a harsh grinding of brakes.

"Stop," he shouted hoarsely at the driver. "Auto bandits ahead! Follow me by detour when the line moves!"

The driver nodded comprehendingly and put on his brakes. Like a Paul Revere mounted on a galloping steed, Jeremy stopped and started, coolly seizing the wide part in the road to deliver his message. At length with the foremost car waiting behind him with churning engine, and with the detour ten rods ahead, Jeremy started his procession of cars into the safe passage.

It was in the early gray dawn of the next day, that the long caravan of motors emerged from the perilous detour, and sped on their way into their haven of the western destination. No trace of the bandits had been seen, and Puff and Blow "allowed" as how they must have gone up the pass to meet the cars, and have returned to their camp frustrated.

"It was old Falstaff who helped me," said Jeremy when he told Uncle Ames about it, with Puff and Blow an interested listener. "I might have started to scuffle with Puff and Blow, or have jumped the car, but I remembered that 'the better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part' I have saved my life."

"And the lives of eleven others—twelve, if you'll be modest enough to count me in, Sonny," added Puff and Blow.

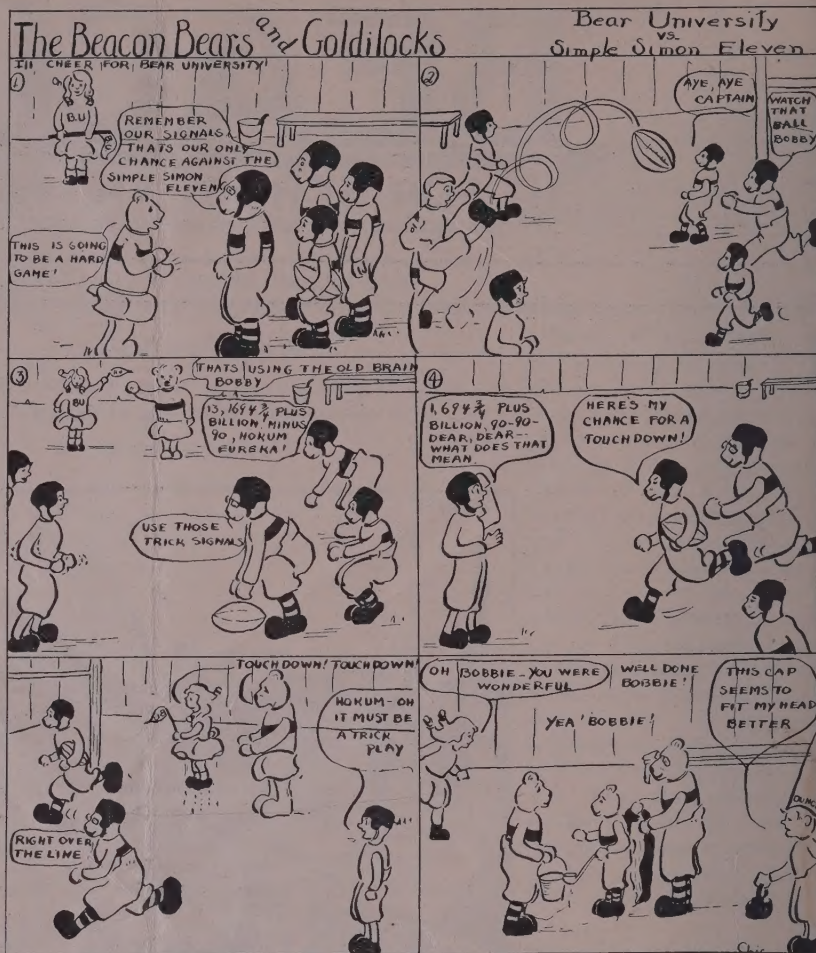
A Sea Missionary

BY BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE

The gold and silver jingle-shells
Are treasures by the sea.
And some of them are greenish too,
Or pink as they can be.
And there I like to gather them,
For in a little while,
So many has the good sea sent,
I soon have quite a pile.

And then upon the sand so white,
I use the jingle-shells
To make a garden fine and large,
With hills and little dells.
The jingle-shells mark out the paths,
And make the garden walls,
And show the spots where fountain-jets
Make silver waterfalls.

One day I had a sudden thought
Of children far away,
Who had no chance upon a beach
With jingle-shells to play.
So now each day I fill a box
With treasures of the sea,
So other children, too, can play
With jingle-shells like me.



LORETTA'S SUNNY DAY

BY RUTH HOPE

LOZETTA DEW walked home from the basket-ball game with Loretta Dever. The L. D.'s they were called, and strange to say from the very first time that they met—bumped into each other by accident and both laughed at the same time—they had been chums.

Both girls were born in the last week in June, the time of roses. It was June on this day when they walked under the tall, drooping elms.

"Let's go on a picnic on our birthday," Lozetta said. "Down at the old mill. I'll bring cake and fruit, and Genia will make chicken salad, and Dave Kerr promised to bring their camp-stove, the one they took with them when they went west in the auto."

"I'll make biscuits," eagerly added Loretta, "and I'm sure that Mother will bake a batch of cookies with sugar on the top."

"That will be fine. Do you think that we ought to invite Jeanette?"

Lozetta's tone was anxious, yet hopeful that Loretta would say yes. Jeanette was a new girl who had helped them win the basket-ball game that afternoon. She was—well—different. Almost all her life, she had lived in a large city, her father had bought the silk factories by the river and a large estate of many acres on

which was a wonderful Italian villa surrounded by a lovely sunken garden full of flowers.

"If you think she'd like to come, Lozetta, of course, we'll have her."

"I'll see her this afternoon, she's coming to play tennis."

Loretta went slowly up the brick path. Somehow, she feared that Jeanette, with her different ideas, would spoil the picnic. Of course, if Lozetta wanted her—

All the afternoon, she worked in the garden and got back her "sunny" feeling. Loretta said that some days she was "sunny," meaning good and kind, and on others she was "cloudy," horrid and selfish. Her "cloudy" days were, however, very few.

"You'll have to get supper, dearie," called Mother from the front room where she was running the machine very fast. "Do you think you could take this cherry-colored Georgette crepe dress up to Mrs. Boyce after supper, Loretta? I'm just finishing it, for I promised it should be done tonight."

"Surely, I'll go, Mother. I'm sorry you've been working so hard all day."

The light was lavender and pink when, laden with a box containing Jeanette's gown for tomorrow's party, Loretta started up the hill toward the Italian

villa, gleaming in opal-tints among the trees.

In the park a winding road twisted between stretches of forest with some of the underbrush cut away. There were clumps of pink and purple rhododendron, masses of ferns, little brooks and rustic bridges. Loretta went to a side door and left the box.

"Mrs. Boyce is at dinner," the maid said.

Loretta heard the tinkle of glass far down a wide hall and saw a man carrying a silver, covered dish. It seemed a bit "cloudy" when she went away, although the sun was really gilding the edge of a cloud and turning some others far above into rich salmon pink.

Lozetta came with her brother in the car to pick up Loretta on the morning of the picnic.

"Isn't it a glorious day? Couldn't be better for a picnic."

"Going to be hot," commented big Jack.

"Oh, we shan't mind that. Jump in, Loretta. Jeanette's promised to bring—you'll never guess."

"Ice cream is the only thing I can think of."

"Ice cream it is. Isn't it splendid?"

The car whizzed around corners and along the river-road leading to the old mill, an unused brown building standing quite alone near a quiet pond where there were stretches of shaded, mossy grass, a favorite place to picnic.

It did seem as if nothing, not even Jeanette in her stylish sport suit, white and green, or her "kid brother" could spoil that picnic. The grass was soft, the shade kept out the burning rays of the sun; as Jack had predicted, it was a very hot day outside of the woods.

Tree-locusts lazily droned, chipmunks chattered about in near-by trees, and birds sang in the branches. Loretta's sun was shining again when they all went out upon the water in flat-bottomed boats and she caught three glittering fish.

The "kid brother," whose name was Tim, made himself astonishingly useful by gathering brush for a fire, wrapping the fish in big leaves and laying them in the ashes.

"Learned to do it in camp last summer," he confided to Loretta. "My! it was fun. Wore sweaters an' knickers all the time; hate to dress up, don't you?"

Loretta laughed.

"I don't dress up much."

"Lucky girl."

What a lunch that was! And how good it tasted, eaten from paper plates with paper forks! Lemonade never tasted better than Dave's; and then there was chicken salad, sandwiches and potatoes from which they merrily removed their steaming jackets at the risk of burning their fingers.

At the last, came the masterpieces of the Boyce's chef, strawberry ice cream!

Lozetta looked at Loretta and they smiled in mutual enjoyment. It was as if Lozetta said to Loretta, "Aren't you

Bobby Bear's Rhyme Corner

What Marjorie Heard

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR

I was going to school, dressed as neat as could be,

When a meadow-lark's tinkle came over the lea,

Like chimes on the breezes afloat.

And the mischievous fellow was laughing at me.

As he gurgled and bubbled so rollickingly Deep down in his silvery throat.

"Mar-jor-ie! Mar-jor-ie!"

And he chuckled with glee,

Then rippled a gay, laughing note.

"Ha-ha! He-he!"

I see—see—

I see your pet-ti-coat!"

Kite Flying

BY LAURIE A. SAWYER

Sing Ho, for the kite flying time is at hand!

She floats on her string

glad we invited Jeanette?" and Loretta answered, "You'd better believe I am!"

Loretta felt that this was an unusually "sunny" day for her; gone were all the clouds. With each spoonful of pale pink strawberry ice cream the day seemed to grow brighter.

The plan for the afternoon was to go on a hike to a farm-house near Eagle Rock and get milk. There, Jeanette said, a big car was to meet them and bring them home. That was a surprise which everybody liked. They'd put the baskets and empty freezer and the camp-stove into the old mill; Dave and Tim promised to come and get them next day.

Gaily, in the high good humor which comes from having eaten a good lunch, they started, not one of them realizing that, however "sunny" Loretta might feel, it wasn't so fine as it ought to be for a long hike in summer clothes. The sun shone and nobody noticed a very black cloud in the west until they got out of the woods and started down the dusty road. Thunder growled like a lion in the jungle. There were zigzag streaks of lightning shooting down to earth in a way which was not pleasant.

"What shall we do about that?" asked Dave. "Doesn't look promising for a hike."

"But we've only just begun our picnic," protested Lozetta. "We were going to have supper at Eagle Rock farm and ride home in the moonlight."

"Don't let's spoil the birthday picnic," said Jeanette. "Pretty soon we'll come to a place where they have a phone, and I'll call up mother and have her send the car there for us and—"

"Take us all to our house," shouted Tim. "We'll listen in at the radio and have lots of fun."

There was a long and painful pause. Evidently the proposition was not acceptable. Dave's face was red, he was

Like a bird on the wing,
And Lo, every healthy young lad in the land

Who's forgotten to creep, or who barely can stand

Is now having his fling;

To the line watch him cling!

Sing, White Wings Ahoy! Ho, the best of the brand!

Pirate Prelude

Yo ho, ho, ho,

There was, they say,

A pirate bold

Who sailed away

For hidden gold.

Yo hum, yo ho.



He went the way,

To be quite frank,

Rich pirates go,

And walked the plank.

Clink, clank!

Splink, splank!

kicking a stick out of the road with unnecessary vigor. Lozetta gazed at her shoes, white no longer, but disreputable with dust. Loretta forgot her much-worn lawn dress and wondered how it would be to walk over the thick rugs she had glimpsed in the corridor.

The sun was now hidden behind the black cloud. Gusts of wind were bowing tall oaks; lightning was vividly copper and thunder crashed.

Jeanette laughed as if she was embarrassed.

"Never mind, if you don't want to come and see us. I thought we were friends, but maybe you prefer—"

Was there a sound of tears in Jeanette's voice? A wave of surprise swept over the group.

"It isn't that," began Dave.

Lozetta looked at Loretta. The chums understood each other without words. Loretta stepped to Jeanette's side.

"We think it's very nice of you to ask us," she said, "but, you see, we don't feel that we ought to go. Our clothes aren't fine and our shoes are dirty and we—we aren't all rich, like your folks—"

Jeanette stared at her an instant, then grasped Loretta's hands.

"Is that all? You dear thing, I thought you didn't like Tim and me. Surely you don't think for a minute that those things make the least difference to us! There's a drop now. We'd better run. I see a house down the road. Tim, can't you go ahead and phone to mother?"

Loretta told her mother all about it when she got home.

"You weren't worried were you, Mother dear? Mrs. Boyce phoned you, didn't she? We had such a good time. Jeanette isn't a bit like I thought she was, mother, and Mrs. Boyce sent you these lilies and wants to come and see you. We played games and heard music on Tim's radio—he and Dave are going to rig one up for

(Continued on Page 29)

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Listening

THERE is a very old legend about a monk in England who was named Father Anselm. He lived with his brother monks in the monastery, devoting himself to study and helpfulness, seeking to know and do the will of God.

One day Father Anselm wandered out into the fields, and a lark began to sing. He had never heard the skylark before, and he watched it and listened as it rose from the ground, pouring out its melody as it mounted toward the sky. He stood entranced until the bird had disappeared and its song seemed to float down as if it were the music of Heaven itself. Then he went back to the monastery, uplifted, still hearing the song in his heart. There he found a doorkeeper whom he did not know and who did not know him. Other monks were called; none had ever seen this old man before, and they were all strangers to him. He told them he was Father Anselm, but that did not help. Finally they consulted the records of the monastery and found that a Father Anselm had lived there more than a hundred years before. Time had been blotted out while he listened to the song of the lark that became to him heavenly music.

It is only a legend—"a story that is not true on the outside but is true on the inside"—and it bears a message. There are sayings, poetry and prose,

there is music, songs of birds or human voices or instruments, that can charm the soul. Time is blotted out as we listen to them. They make life worth living when it seems hardest. When we learn to listen, we may hear heavenly melodies.

A Great Event

TWO days after you receive this number of our paper will occur the event that makes our form of government distinctive—the election of the President of the United States.

All our boy and girl readers will be interested in the result of this election. They will be eager to have one candidate elected. They know that sharp differences of opinion exist, that some voters prefer one candidate, some another.

Can they learn at this time some of the great lessons of life?—to rejoice in victory without conceit, to be good losers if they must lose, to accept cheerfully the will of the majority? To do these things well will be good preparation for the time when the boys and girls will be voters themselves.

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Sergeant Jasper — The Boy Hero

BY MAUDE GARDNER

Sergeant William Jasper! The very name has power to quicken the pulse-beat of patriotism, for this little unlearned Irish lad gave his greatest gift to the country he loved—his life. In all school histories of the United States, a short sketch of William Jasper's life is given, but in South Carolina and Georgia his memory is kept in grateful remembrance and each generation tells to its children the story of the brave young patriot and his deed of heroism.

The passage of the Stamp Act by the British Government in 1765 was the beginning of the trouble between England and her American colonies. This Act provided that all papers should be illegal unless they were written on stamped paper, the revenue from the sale of this paper to be used for maintaining the British Army in America! This unjust action on the part of England fired the whole land and "Taxation without representation is tyranny," became the watchword of America, and the great struggle for freedom commenced.

For liberty for his country, George Washington left his beautiful home on the banks of the Potomac to suffer the privations and horrors of that winter of gloom at Valley Forge. For liberty Benjamin Franklin, whose only motive in

life was to serve, went in his old age to the King of France to plead the cause of the American colonists. For liberty Nathan Hale, the young martyr, gave his services to his country as a spy. And for liberty Sergeant Jasper, the young Irish lad, gave his life for the flag he loved.

It was on that memorable June day of 1776 when anxious eyes were strained toward an island set in the blue waters of the Charleston harbor. The dwelling-houses of the city had been stripped of their weights to supply the need of bullets, and the Americans, gathered about their crude little fort, realized that their allotment of powder must be used with great deliberation because of its scarcity.

Out in the harbor the British squadron advanced. The men on board looked with scorn and derision at the rudely-built fort of the Americans on Sullivan's Island. Built of palmetto logs, laid in parallel rows sixteen feet apart and filled in between the rows with sand, its grotesque appearance filled the English officers with laughter. Why, it would be mere child's play to overcome it, they thought—they with their three hundred guns and an abundance of ammunition against that little handiwork of the Americans with their thirty guns and only a meager supply of ammunition.

The fleet advanced and hurled against the little fort an incessant shower of

balls which either went over the fort or else sank into the soft palmetto logs, and the officers' smiles of derision soon changed to looks of surprise, for the shots from the well-aimed American guns began to rake the decks of their ships. All day long the battle lasted. In the thickest of the fight, the American flagstaff was shattered by one of the enemy's balls and fell on the beach in front of the fort. And there it lay, a symbol of the cause for which they fought, and no one volunteered to replace it. The men looked from one to another, but no one dared to undertake such a hazardous feat amid the torrent of shells that came from the ships of the enemy. There were older men in the company—ardent patriots who loved their country, but they were unwilling to give their lives to save its flag. And thus it was left to a mere boy, the simple, unlearned Irish Sergeant, who, seeing that no one would volunteer, looked into his commander's face, his eyes shining with courage and his heart beating with patriotism, as he said:

"Colonel Moultrie, let's not fight without a flag!"

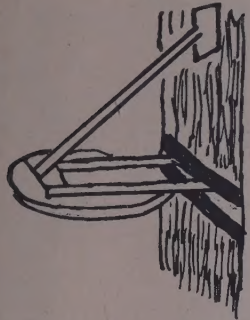
And with bullets whizzing all about him, the young sergeant leaped down outside the parapet, passed along the entire front of the fort, seized the flag, braving the thickest of the fire, attached it to the sponge-staff of a cannon, and remounting the parapet, deliberately fixed it in its original position. A shout of joy rose from the American soldiers as the flag of South Carolina again floated in the breeze, and Jasper's act of heroism inspired them to renewed and persistent efforts so that the day ended in victory for the Americans. The arrogant British squadron sailed away, and thus was secured the first decisive defeat of the combined British Navy and Army during the Revolutionary War.

A lieutenant's commission was offered the young sergeant as an appreciation for his heroic deed, but realizing his limitations, he modestly declined by saying that his lack of education would cause his men to blush for him and he preferred no higher position than the one he had. What a proof of unselfish, patriotic devotion!

Three years later, when the French had joined the Americans in laying siege to Savannah, an attempt was made to carry the enemy's works by storm and the flags of France and South Carolina were planted side by side on the parapet. Again the flag that Jasper revered was shot away, and the young hero in attempting to repeat his former act of gallantry, was shot as he regained the rampart, and fell back dying, with the colors, for which he had given his life, clasped to his heart. The young Irish Sergeant had given his greatest gift for the flag of his country. When Charleston fell soon after, this flag was taken by the British officers and is said to be now in the tower of London.

A Punching-Bag Disk

To construct a punching-bag disk, select first of all 1 inch material and some 2/2 scantling. Place 3 or 4 boards, 3 ft. in width, close together, edge to



edge, on a smooth surface. On the boards draw a circle, with a radius of 18 inches, using a piece of string. Cut around the circle and place the boards side by side. Take 2 pieces of the 2/2 material, each 7 ft. in length and place in a circle of boards at right angles to the joints and with one end just even with the edge of the circle, with 2 pieces 11 inches apart on their inner edges, and with the outer edges 8 inches from the the outer edge of the circle. Tack in position and fasten each board firmly to the 2 pieces by screws driven down through the cross-pieces. Round and smooth off the edge of the circular piece, and ends of the cross-pieces that are even with it. Screw on the wall a 2/2 cleat, 24 inches long at the right height, and a second cleat 2 inches above this, boring holes from top to bottom of the cleats at about 2 and a half and 3 inches from each end. Now select a piece 2/2, about 6 ft. long, and saw on the end at an angle of 45° and fasten to it, a piece 1 inch wide, with screws. Tack to the wall about 4 ft. above the upper cleat. Place a piece of 1 inch board across the cross-pieces on the disk, slip the cross-pieces between the cleats and adjust until level. Slide the loose piece of 1 inch material along till it touches the slanting piece fastened to the wall and mark along this piece where the upper side of the loose board crosses it. To this end screw a piece of 1 inch board, and screw the piece of board firmly to the cross-pieces on the disk, so that the diagonal piece is exactly in the center between the cross-pieces. Place the disk in position between the cleats and screw the board at the end of the diagonal to the wall, and drive screws through on the disk. The disk will then be firm and rigid.

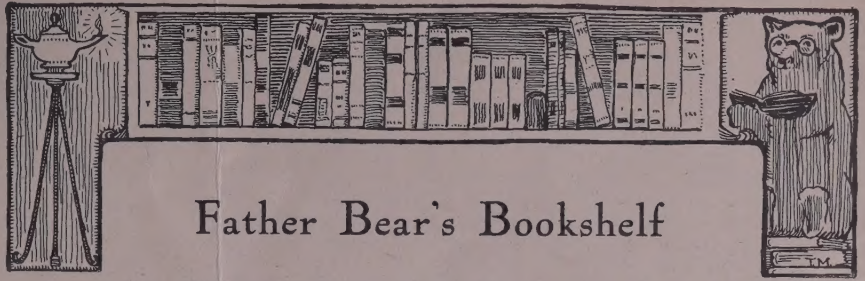
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us; they say it won't cost anything. And Mr. Boyce came in before dinner and was jolly as he could be. Oh, Mother, I wish you had some of the good things!"

"So you had a good day in spite of the rain, dear?"

"Yes, it was a 'sunny' day," answered Loretta. "I mean sunny for me. It's like a verse I read the other day.

"One asks for sun, an' one for rain,
An' sometimes bofe together;
I prays for sunshine in my heart,
An' den forgits de weather."



Father Bear's Bookshelf

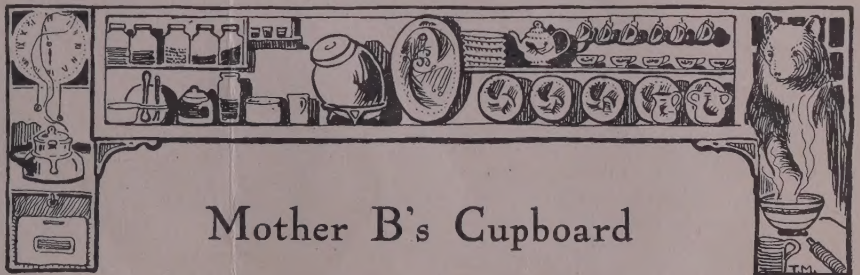
After reading "The Young Cavaliers," by I. M. B. of K. (the very author's nom de plume smacks of intrigue and adventure) Father Bear would mount a prancing steed and brandish a sword, "For God, for the Cause, for Church, for the Laws, For Charles, King of England, and for Rupert of the Rhine."

The story is laid in England in cavalier times, when Cromwell was wresting the throne from the Royalists, and we see those stirring days through the eyes of the D'Arcy twins, Diana and Rupert, who, through a series of breathless adventures, keep tryst for King Charles of England. There are tense, moving moments in the tale, when Diana, clad in her twin brother's garments, is on the point of death before Cromwell's firing-squad, only to be rescued in time by Cromwell himself; again there is the big crisis in the closing pages of the book when Cromwell discovers his own daughter, Evelyn, to be of Royalist faith, and the daughter and wife of his General, to be enleagued in sympathy for the brave D'Arcy twins.

But right and happiness prevail, and we see the D'Arcys keeping tryst for their king to the very end, and in the words of Rupert—"What the D'Arcy

holds, that the D'Arcy keeps"—coming truest of all! Father Bear only regrets that those long-lost cavalier days are over, and the best he can do is to propose a toast to "The Young Cavaliers"—may a great band of children everywhere have the pleasure of keeping tryst with this book! THE YOUNG CAVALIERS. By I. M. B. of K. L. C. Page & Company. Boston. \$1.65 net.

The whole world is ruled by a gang if you stop to think about it, and every gang has its leader! The gang leader may be President of the United States, or a High Exalted Ruler of a mystic order, or the boy over the back fence who rules the neighborhood gang. Such a boy is Jibby Jones, one of Ellis Parker Butler's famous "sons," who initiates his gang into the mysteries of big game hunting, in the shape of alligators on the Mississippi. Jibby and his cronies are more *chuckle-some* and delightful than ever, and Father Bear decides right now that as Jibby is kin to all whole-hearted, fun-loving lads, he is going to stop chasing the neighborhood gang off the new-cut lawn . . . there might be a Jibby Jones among them . . . who knows? JIBBY JONES AND THE ALLIGATOR. By Ellis Parker Butler. Houghton Mifflin Company. Boston. \$2.00 net.



Mother B's Cupboard

If perhaps you can eat no fat, nor even yet, no lean, if these goodies of Mother B's were in sight, you'd lick the platter clean!

Mother Bear Cookies

Cream 1 cupful of shortening and 2 cupfuls of sugar together, add 2 eggs well beaten, 1 teaspoonful baking soda mixed with one-half cup of sour milk, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful vanilla, and 5 cups of flour. Roll very thin and cut with Bear cookie cutter. Bake in moderate oven on floured, greased tins.

Potato Pone

Grate a cupful raw sweet potatoes by putting them through a meat chopper, add 1 cupful molasses, one-half cup of sugar, 1 cupful milk, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, one-half teaspoonful salt, 1 tea-

spoonful ginger, one-half teaspoonful powdered cinnamon, and 1 tablespoonful chopped candied orange peel. Mix, turn into buttered, deep dish and bake in moderate oven till firm.

Peach Delights

Sift 4 cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful salt, 2 teaspoonfuls sugar and 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder together, rub one-half cup of shortening lightly into them with finger tips; add 1 teaspoonful lemon extract and enough milk to make a soft dough. Drop the mixture into greased gem pans; place one-half peach on each one; fill with sugar and bake in a hot oven 25 minutes. Serve with whipped, sweetened cream. This recipe will serve twenty.



Good-morning, or rather "Good Sunday" to you, Beacon Readers! Here are four fine letters in Ye Beacon Club Editor's Post-box, and yours for the reading. There are two from California, one from Rhode Island, and one from New Jersey, but I won't tell you any more about them because they speak very well for themselves!

YE BEACON CLUB EDITOR

428 NORTH SECOND ST.,
SAN JOSE, CAL.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like very much to belong to the Beacon Club and wear its pretty button. I am nine years old and am in the fifth grade. My teacher in Sunday School is Miss English. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School at San Jose.

Sincerely yours,

ELMA BOYER

196A WATERMAN ST.,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Dear Miss Buck:—I read *The Beacon* for the first time this Sunday as I am a new member of our Sunday School which is connected with the First Congregational Church (Unitarian) at Providence. The minister of our church is Rev. Augustus M. Lord. My Sunday School teacher is Miss Robertson. I am twelve years old and as we had helpfulness for our lesson last Sunday, I would like to join the Beacon Club as it stands for a good cause. There are seven boys in our class, counting myself. There is a boy in our Sunday School who quite often writes for the recreation corner of your magazine. His name is Robert Eddy.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN R. LYNCH

418 WASHINGTON ST.,
WESTFIELD, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I enjoy *The Beacon* very much. I would like to become a member and wear its button. I am six years old and am in the second grade. I go to the Unitarian Church. Our minister is Mr. Robinson. There are three girls in my class. My teacher's name is Miss Stevens.

Yours truly,

NANCY B. EHITON

1533 RALSTON AVE.,
BURLINGAME, CAL.

Dear Miss Buck:—I go to the Unitarian Church at Palo Alto, California. I am thirteen years old and am in the eighth grade. We get *The Beacon* every Sunday at Sunday School, and I enjoy reading it very much. I have a little English and French bulldog. He is almost three months old and he is the sweetest dog alive. Will you please send me a badge so I may belong to your club?

I am very truly yours,

DEBORAH MAXWELL

The Beatley Memorial

This is the third week of The Beatley Memorial Drive, and we expect every *Beacon* reader to be up on his or her toes, doing just the very best he can toward helping to pile up the nickels and dimes for this good cause!

Dear Cubs:

This week we are bestowing The Beacon Club Award, on an old contributor, and on a new contributor; "A Busy Afternoon," by Barbara Bancroft, and a little poem: "A Busy Bee," by Louise Graves. We hope that you will like them just as much as we do!

YE BEACON CLUB EDITOR

A Busy Day

BY LOUISE GRAVES

Down the meadow soft and deep
I heard the little birdies peep.
Branches stirring in the breeze,
Busy butterflies and bees.

A Busy Afternoon

BY BARBARA BANCROFT (13)

Rose slammed her book on the sill and with a sigh gazed out into the snowy outer world. "Oh, I wish there was something to do!" she cried.

"Your wish is fulfilled, there is plenty to do up at Mrs. O'Leary's, who has a sick boy and a small baby. She cannot get out to do any work and I know you will gladly amuse the children," said a merry voice in the doorway.

Turning, Rose saw her friend Eleanore, who had spoken.

"I would love to go," said Rose, and rushed away to get her hat and jacket.

The little sick boy had at once won Rose's warm little heart; and so after Mrs. O'Leary had gladly left to go to her work, and Eleanore—to an old blind woman, to whom she was going to read, Rose smoothed Jackie's bed and sang to him.

It was a busy afternoon! She sang the baby to sleep and amused Jackie. When Mrs. O'Leary returned it was to find her reading to Jackie while Baby was tearing down a block house. Mrs. O'Leary thanked Rose from a heart full of gratitude, and soon Rose was plodding homeward with Eleanore.

"What a happy afternoon it has been," said Rose. And Eleanore added, "Of course, when you have plenty to do!"

Some twisters to untwist and some ravels to unravel!

Here and there up hill and down dale, knocking at doors, and thumbing through pages, to find a bit o' news, a poem, a joke, and a "something-for-you-to-do!"

A revolving house has appeared in Germany as the result of severe housing conditions. The house, or perhaps we should say the apartment, consists of a single large room one side of which is occupied by a circular revolving platform divided into three parts by partitions that radiate from the centre. When the occupant gets up in the morning he presses a button and the platform carries bed and dresser out of sight and brings the breakfast table into view!—*The Youth's Companion*.

Time, You Old Gipsy Man

Time you old gipsy man,

Will you not stay,

Put up your caravan

Just for one day?

ENIGMA

I am composed of eleven letters.

My 4-5-6-11 are a part of the face.

My 1-2-3-4 is a boy's nickname.

My 2-3-7 is part of the face.

My 7-8-9-10 is a kind of tree.

My whole is a group of islands.

MURIEL MILLS

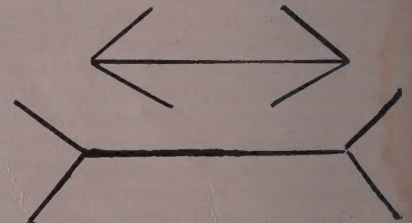
TWISTED MOUNTAINS

Timan
Psla
Aucaucss
Neesypre
Tarcnani

RUTH GIBBONS

ILLUSION OF LENGTH

In this curious optical illusion the lines are exactly equal in length.



20th Century Standard Puzzle Book

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 3

ENIGMA—Denver, Colorado.

A BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR—"Innocents Abroad," by Mark Twain.

TWISTED ISLANDS—Sardinia, Corsica, Balearic, Faroe, Hebrides, Gotland, Crete, Sicily, Bornholm, Orkney.

MISSING WORDS—An, Man, Moan, Nomad, Domain, Diamond, On Diadem, Doomed In Maidenhood.

GOLDSILLOCKS' CORNER

Here and there up hill and down dale, knocking at doors, and thumbing through pages, to find a bit o' news, a poem, a joke, and a "something-for-you-to-do!"

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All things I'll give you
Will you be my guest,
Bells for your jennet
Of silver the best,
Goldsmiths shall beat you
A great golden ring,
Peacocks shall bow to you,
Little boys sing,
Oh, and sweet girls will
Festoon you with may.
Time, you old gipsy,
Why hasten away?

RALPH HODGSON

"What makes the boat jump about so?"
"Bob says the poor thing is on a tack."

Harvard Lampoon

This figure, which now forms a square, and the quarter of that square, can be so divided by two straight lines that its parts, separated and then reunited, form a perfect square. How is this done?—20th Century Standard Puzzle Book.

